

A VAMPIRE'S TALE

THE HUNT FOR THE LYCAN

OMAR DANIELS

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Either way it remained to be an irony Malik found humor in. He had to wonder how this even worked. They were always present at all proceedings the Foundation held, but since he was related to one of the chairmen, more than a little alertness was anticipated. It was surely appreciated by all members of the court. That amazingly didn't bother him much either, in accordance with his vanity.

The Foundation had always been a long-standing joke to Malik and the fact that his oldest living relative was a chairman of the board made little difference. He refused to allow Vladimir to get in his way or stop him from his ultimate goal. He'll lead the Vampires back to their true position and restore their true hierarchy which he believed was destined to herald not only over themselves, but Humans as well.

Until he had completed his mission to round up the means he needed to accomplish such a feat, he would continue to surrender himself to their stupid rules. He would simply appear to be obeying the law. His real mind was bent, and any human was fair game whether they aided him or got in his way. Whether they proved to be allies or just another snack.

The truth was most of us believed the Foundation was merely a front which kept the Humans off guard and at bay so that they'd continue to do the job of keeping our existence a secret at least amongst themselves. Most Vampires knew all too well that the Humans who were aware of them, wouldn't allow this peace we shared to continue for long. Most of us and those that knew of us, knew that eventually war would come between the species and Malik yearned for the opportunity. We could all smell the blood in the air every time he mentioned it.